

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, January 28, 1804.

[No. 66.]

THE

## VILLAGE GOSSIP,

*Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.*

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

*(Continued from page 98.)*

MARIA has, though so young, received a first impression; and, as the object is in every respect deserving of her, he has little to fear from this intruder: and I well know that Maria would consider a breach of her promise to him as culpable as she would that of a marriage vow; for it is not merely the external ceremony, but the intention of the heart, and the mutual confidence thereby excited, that binds the contract. Of this I have been careful to drop frequent hints, that each may understand what is expected from them.

Mr. Somerton has long held a lucrative post under government, which he has recently resigned. His children are amply provided for; and, having completed their education, he seeks in retirement, and their society, consolation for the loss of an amiable wife. The seat he has made choice of is a beautiful one; and, being situated on a rising ground, commands a view of an extensive country on one side, and

on the other our village, which, though small, contains a number of personages of the greatest importance—to themselves.

Round Tattle Green the four most conspicuous houses are inhabited by four conspicuous characters,—in our village at least. The first, a plain regularly built rough-cast mansion, round which the myrtles, sweet briar, and a few evergreens, are placed, as emblematical adornments, is inhabited by Mrs. Prudentia Homily, a spinster like myself, and an ancient resident. On the other side a large brick building, with iron bars to the windows, and curiously wrought blinds within, attracts the eye, by a large blue board, upon which it is explained, that the fabric belongs to Mrs. Stitchwell, the governess of a ladies seminary. Dr. Cerate inhabits the third dwelling-house, which neither claims notice from its elegance or neatness, yet serves as an excellent foil to the romantic habitation of Mrs. Mournwell, a widow of fortune, who dedicates the occupation of her leisure hours to the amusement of the public. The entrance of her house is formed to resemble a grotto; and the spare ground before it is so decorated with paper ruins, wooden Cupids, and paste swans in painted ponds, that it serves, as well as Mrs. Stichwell's painted board, to denote the profession of the owner.

Of these I may have occasion to speak

hereafter. The rest of the houses are occupied by people who "keep themselves to themselves," and are consequently, too insignificant to claim the attention of the public. I must not, however, forget the Parsonage, which is a charming little structure, at the corner of the churchyard; and I have often envied Dr. Pompous, the rector (who, reluctantly, does himself the duties of his parish) a spot so delightful!

I am summoned from my pen by Maria, who informs me that our guest is desirous of my company.—The duties of hospitality must not be neglected.

NO. III.

Distinguish carefully between real and apparent good; between that which depends upon ourselves, and that which is dependent upon others.

ROUSSEAU.

FANNY NELSON was, about thirty years back, reckoned the prettiest girl in —; her parents were respected by their neighbors, and possessed of an establishment, which, though moderate placed them beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassment.

Among the many who admired and sought the favor of Fanny, was a young man, whose personal attractions seemed his only recommendation: Fanny, however, found, or imagined she could find,



many lurking merits, and bestowed, without the approbation of her parents, her affections upon him. Stanley, her elected lover, was a lieutenant in the marines, and, like most of his profession, imagined stratagems in love as fair as those in war; and, though possessed of great respect and esteem for Fanny, believed she had as much tenderness as the sex, and could be as readily persuaded to make a few sacrifices for him.

With this persuasion he formed many romantic schemes of happiness, and, having engaged a post-chaise to carry her to Plymouth, where his company then lay, took Fanny in his arms (who, under the pretence of visiting a friend, contrived to take a moonlight walk with him) and forcibly placed her in the carriage. Petrified with surprize, she was for a few moments incapable of making any resistance; but, when acquainted with his intention, resentment at his conduct superseded every other consideration; and she reproached him severely for exposing her to the disgrace of an elopement.

Penetrated with shame and disappointment, Stanley, fell upon his knees, and besought her pardon; pleaded the hopeless state of his passion, and used every tender argument to interest her heart. This had, in some measure, the desired effect:—Fanny melted to tears, but firmly protested that nothing could ever reinstate him in her favor but his instantly restoring her to her parents, who must suffer agonies by her absence. Stanley, with despairing looks, remanded the chaise back to ———; and his compliance with her wish so far excited her tenderness and gratitude, that, but for the consideration of parents who had ever, except in this instance, treated her with the utmost indulgence, she would have thrown herself into his arms for life.

The chaise stopped at the house of old Nelson; the crest-fallen Stanley led her in, and received his final dismissal amidst a torrent of reproach. Fanny pleaded for him on her knees, but the alternative offered to her was,—home, with the approbation of her friends, while estranged from Stanley; or, his love and protection, under banishment and a parent's curse. Fanny, heart-broken, chose the former, and Stanley departed. Fanny, by her duteous con-

duct was restored to favor, and the satisfaction of having justly discharged the duties of Nature; but her heart had received a shock, which she feared time would not even suffer her to get the better of.

That wounded heart received a fresh blow when the intelligence reached her that Stanley had received a death-wound in action, and was brought on shore for interment. Every consideration was vanquished in the dear hope of beholding him once more, though a lifeless corse; of bathing his pallid face with tears of affection, and of witnessing the discharge of the last duties. She left her father's house the night the fatal news was revealed, and rambled, insensible of fatigue or danger, till roused from her melancholy stupor by a post-chaise-boy, who hailed, and demanded to know the reason of her wandering alone so late. In reply, she informed him of her destination; and, finding that he was returning to the same place, overcame every scruple, by previous payment, and the promise of further reward.

The bell was just tolling the funereal knell for the luckless Stanley, and to every awful peal the heart of Fanny beat responsive. With tottering step she joined the solemn procession: it was preceded by the commanding officer, and, with the eagerness of apprehension and solicitude, Fanny examined his countenance at every turn, to discover, if possible, some trait of benevolence. She attracted observation; but a deep black veil concealed her features, and her mind was too busily engaged by her own sorrows to heed the notice which she excited. They reached the burial-ground in dead silence; the clergyman begun his office: Fanny raised her eyes with an appeal to heaven for resignation. The corps were preparing to discharge their pieces: she rushed forward, and prostrated herself at the feet of the officer.

Only one look, she exclaimed, with a wild, impressive tone, only one look, I entreat—paternal cruelty, surely, would not deny that! I loved him in life, nor need shame attend the avowal. I shall soon be like him. Only one look more to sooth my last moments—to save me from distraction!

The officers crowded around her;

Major Wilmot raised her from the ground, and threw aside her veil to give her air, for she was in strong hysterics.

Fanny!—my love! cried a voice, which caused a sudden convulsion of her frame; and in a moment she was snatched to the bosom of the living Stanley!

A murmuring noise was now heard among the crowd: an old man pressed forward: he beheld his child almost expiring; he tore his hair, and vainly promised her every happiness!—All present were deeply affected, nor could the reviving Fanny be made sensible for some time that her lover still lived, still doted on the woman who had given him such matchless proofs of her tenderness and constancy.

While the ceremony of interment was continued, Fanny exerted herself to recover composure, Stanley soon explained the mistake that had occasioned such a distressing scene:—it was a cousin, who belonged to the same company, and had hitherto served in an assumed name, that had been wounded; and, when expiring, acknowledged the relationship, with which Stanley had been, till then, wholly unacquainted. There needed no further explanation. Nelson, ashamed of the obstinacy with which he had persisted in separating two faithfully attached hearts, no longer opposed the union of the young lovers. Stanley served his country with vigor and fidelity during the war, and, at the termination, resigned, and retired to the village where he first saw his Fanny, at which place they now reside, with one son, the blooming image of his father. To this son is my Maria affianced; but his future occupation in life is not yet decided upon: they are yet young, and many preliminaries to be adjusted.

I was relating this little domestic tale to my niece and Leonard yesterday evening: it occasioned several comments upon love, matrimony, and its consequences; which young Somerton concluded, by expressing some well-affected astonishment—That the men could be so insensible to my qualifications, as to permit my remaining single.

(To be continued)



## Selected Biography

## LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

—In affliction's hour.  
—the lenient hand of Love  
Proves its best office. Then the virtuous wife  
Shines in the full meridian of her truth.

THIS lady's name will ever be an honor to her sex, while female heroism and conjugal affection continue to be estimable qualities in the eye of the world.—We are sorry that it is not in our power to state any particulars of her birth or family; it is, however, of much more general importance to record, for example's sake, the sufferings which she so bravely underwent during the American war, in her passage through the enemy's army, to attend her wounded husband, Major Ackland, an officer serving under General Burgoyne, and then a prisoner. The wonderful story would exhibit, if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise, and the distress of romance, realized and regulated on the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty.

This lady had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend, in a poor hut at Chamblee, her husband upon his sick bed.

In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to share the fatigue and hazard expected before Ticonderoga, by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed the Lake Champlain to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign; and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheel carriage, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriages used for the mail upon the great roads of England. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to General Frazer's army, and, consequently, were always the advanced part of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of their clothes: in one

of these situations, a tent in which the Major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly serjeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of;—it proved to be the Major. It happened that in the same instant, she had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw, upon the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire, in search of her. The serjeant again saved him, but not without the Major being severely burned in his face. Every thing they had in the tent with them was consumed.

This accident happened a little time before the passing of the Hudson River: it neither altered the resolution nor cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action every minute, she had been directed by the Major to follow the rear of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action became general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded.

Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musquetry for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband, who was at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions with her, the Baroness of Reidesel, and the wives of two British Officers, Major Harnage, and Lieutenant Reynell. But in the event their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and a little time after, intelligence was brought that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will grant no helps to the state of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and, at last, received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity:—the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety; not a tent or shed standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

When the army was upon the point of moving, says General Burgoyne, after the halt described, I received a letter from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gate's permission to attend her husband.—Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for the want of rest, but absolutely for want of food; drenched in rain for twelve hours together; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hand she might fall into first, to me appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I could afford to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some fortunate hand, a little rum, and some dirty water. All I could furnish her with was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain to the Artillery, readily undertook to accompany her; and, with one female servant and the Major's valet de chambre, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy.—But her distresses were not yet to end:—the night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-



posts, and the centinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat, if it stirred before daylight.—Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a woman; of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary.

### THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

**A**LMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike.—If you show her a very

excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts her gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her though it be a heath or common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or the faults of her neighbors; or (what is worse)

their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humor, and fling every member of it into the vapors. If, therefore, we should be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the encreasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm, to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never-failing proof is happiness.





## TASSO.

WHEN any one attempts to turn us into ridicule, by raillery, we cannot show our wisdom more, or give our adversary a more severe rebuke, than by remaining silent. A man having very pointedly ridiculed Tasso, in his presence, for some time he remained perfectly silent, to the astonishment of the railer. One of the company said, loud enough to be heard, that he must be a fool not to speak in his own defence: "You are mistaken," answered Tasso, "a fool does not know how to hold his tongue."

## THE WONDERFUL PROPHET.

THERE is now arrived, and may be seen in this city, a prophet, whose generation in this world was before Adam. He was with Noah in the ark, with Christ before he was crucified. He knew not his father, neither did he ever suck the breast of his mother. He goes barefooted, like a friar. He wears no hat. His coat is not dyed, neither knit, woven or spun. It is neither silk, hair, linen or woollen; yet of a very fine color and gloss. He walks boldly in the face of his enemies, without gun, sword, or stick; yet hath such a weapon as never man had, or used, to defend himself with from his foes. He is often abused by wicked men, yet takes it patiently. He lets all men alone with their religion. The Protestants are his greatest enemies; and the Papists use him more mercifully. At a season his voice is well understood by those of all nations, and of all sorts of people. He declareth the day of the Lord is at hand.

As he prophesies the doors fly open. Poor women have reason to rejoice that such a prophet is come to set before their foolish husbands a pattern of sobriety. He is one whose saying has ever been found true. He takes but little rest; and is admired by all for his vigilance. He sleeps in no bed or chair, but always standing or crutching; neither doth he put off his cloaths.

As for religion, he is supposed to be more inclined to the Papists than the Protestants; for he constantly keeps Lent. He eats to flesh; neither doth he drink any thing strong, but water entirely. His diet is moderate. He takes no money, if offered him. He careth not for the pomp and vanities of this wicked world. He denies no arti-

cle of the Christian faith. His voice is shrill and powerful. He never preached but one sermon, and was so convincing to a man of his sins, that it drew tears from his eyes, and was never easy till he was really converted.

He is neither the wandering Jew, nor the son of Noah, nor an old Levite, nor St. John, as some may think he is.

(*Explanation next week.*)

## A DISCONTENTED HUSBAND CURED.

THERE was a man of so bad a temper, that his wife, although she behaved to him with the utmost attention and affection, had never once pleased him since their marriage; he made a point of contradicting whatever she said; in short, would contend that black was white.

He went out one day, and passing the market, bought a very fine pike, which he desired might be sent home, with directions to his wife to have it dressed for dinner. The servant took in the fish, and informed her mistress of it, who immediately asked if any directions had been left, how it was to be dressed. The servant replied, that her master had sent no other message than that he should dine at home that day. "Good heaven," exclaimed the mistress, "what is to be done? if we wait his return, he will be enraged to find that nothing is prepared: if I boil it, he will prefer it roasted—if I roast it, he likes it better stewed—if I stew it, it should have been fried—and if I fry it, he always eats it fricassied! so what can I do to avert his ill-will and anger?" "Oh," said the servant, "a thought has struck me. As the pike is a very large one, cut it into five parts, and dress each in a different manner."

This singular scheme was put in execution, and succeeded so well, that the husband, on his return, was so thoroughly convinced by this striking instance of his wife's great desire to please him, that, having for once discovered the valuable secret of contentment, and witnessed his wife's peculiar good and his own ill nature, he was from that time so softened in disposition, by her continued attention, that they seldom had any dispute.

## APHORISMS.

If you think that which ought to displease agreeable, it is bad taste; and if you have not resolution to quit what displeases you, it is weakness.

The toilet of a woman is an altar, erected by self-love to vanity.

Marriage reaps, in one day, all the flowers which love has cultivated for several years.

It was said of a man and wife, who were continually quarrelling, and making it up again, that they were so fond of, and yet so inimical, to their own quiet, that they appeared to be making themselves unhappy, all their lives to obtain peace.

Hymen comes when he is called, and love when he pleases.

Women, anxious to please, in general disgust.

Plato says, that lying should be forgiven in physicians; because they ought to encourage the patient, and promise him health, even in the worst cases.

Love is a spoiled child, it does less the more that is required of it.

Love should be equal; the party who loves the least is always guilty.

False friends are compared to birds of passage, they remain with us during the summer of prosperity, but, in the winter of adversity, are seen no more.

Laws are the salt of the world, they prevent its corruption.

Authors resemble flambeaus, which consume themselves in giving light.

Great men who are not benevolent, are like cypress-trees, which are magnificent in appearance, but bear no fruit.

As a smart Bond-street loungeur was traversing Piccadilly, an insolent coachman shoved the *sweet-scented beau* off the walk, when dreadful to relate, there was a sudden and unexpected demolition of the *natty fellow*! In his fall, not only his *hat* and *wig* gave way, but out drops an *eye*, off fell an *arm*, and the very *calves* of his *legs* were removed from their accustomed stations! After collecting his scattered fragments, he took refuge in a hackney-coach, and drove off amidst the laughter of the populace.



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 28, 1804.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

\* \* Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 33 persons during the week ending on Saturday, the 21st inst.

Of Broken Leg and Lock Jaw 1—Inflammation on the Lungs 1—Child bed 1—Heavy Cold 1—Scarlet Fever 2—Palsey 1—Fits 2—Hives 2—Pleurisy 2—Teething 1—Consumption 6—Drop-sy 2—Apoplexy 1—Sudden 1—Decline 1—Sperpiration 1—Said to be murdered 1—Drowned 1—and 5 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 19 were adults and 14 children.

[From a late London Paper.]

### DREADFUL MURDER.

Union Hall—On Saturday last, Peter Shaw was brought before the sitting Magistrates at the above Office, by W. Collinbourn, one of the officers, who apprehended him upon a warrant granted by Nathaniel Milne, Esq. Coroner for Manchester, for the murder of Mary Shaw, his wife.

Mr. Somethurst, the High Constable of Manchester, who brought up the warrant, attended and indentified the Prisoner, who was ordered by the Magistrates to be conveyed by the Officers upon the warrant before the Coroner at Manchester who had granted it.

The circumstances of the transaction, related by Mr. Somethurst, were, that this man had, for some time previously to the day on which the violence was used towards his wife which occasioned her death, formed an intimacy with an abandoned prostitute at Manchester, with whom he cohabited, and had deserted the deceased and her four infant children; that the deceased used the utmost of her endeavors to reclaim him, and induce him to return to his family which he refused to do; that she was obliged to apply to him for support for herself and children, which he very reluctantly afforded her, and by very small pittance; that he was very angry with her for being obliged to do this: and that he frequently treated her with great violence and inhumanity. On the day on which he last ill-treated her, he had been out to work with his apprentice, and in the evening told the apprentice he would go home and do for her. He left the apprentice at a public house, to which he returned in about a quarter of an hour, and told him he had done for her, and left her moaning on the floor.

The eldest child who is only ten years of age, and who is the principle witness against the father, being at home at the time, and seeing the ill usage of his mother, endeavored to prevail upon him to desist from beating her, and after the prisoner went out at the front door, which he locked after him, the child procured its way out backwards, and went to a neighbor, to whom it was known, and communicated the circumstances, who returned with others, and upon going into the house, they found the deceased laying senseless on the floor, weltering in her blood! The deceased was taken to an hospital where she was examined, and many dreadful marks of violence were found on her head, groin, belly, back and other parts of her body. She continued at the hospital for several days, without hopes of recovery, and, at her own particular desire, no steps were taken against the prisoner, who she begged might not be hurt on account of her children. During this time he continued at Manches-

ter cohabiting with the prostitute. At length the deceased, being given over, not indeed expected to live many hours, the prisoner with the prostitute absconded, and the deceased died of her wounds the next day.

The prisoner was pursued to London, where, by the vigilance of the officers, he was discovered on Saturday last working at a shop in Scotland Yard, and, upon seeing the officers, endeavored to make his escape, but was secured by them. Upon their informing him the cause for which he was apprehended, the prisoner, conscious of his iniquity, replied, "It serves me right."

It merits observation in this case, that the hand of Providence always pursues the flight of a murderer; and that sooner or later he is sure to be overtaken, and brought to that punishment which the heinousness of his offence calls for. What renders this observation remarkably applicable in the present instance is this, that the very prostitute with whom the prisoner cohabited, was afterwards the means of his being discovered and apprehended.

The prisoner is a plumber and glazier, and kept a shop at Salford, in the vicinity of Manchester. He is about 35 years of age, and appeared very little affected at his situation.

### COURT MARTIAL.

The Court Martial which has lately been sitting at Frederick Town, on Col. Butler, Major Ingersoll and Capt. Wolstoncraft, broke up a few weeks past—the decision in either case, cannot however, be known until approved or annulled by the President—the general impression seems to be that neither of them will be broke.

The order of the disobedience of which col. Butler has been arrested, was to the best of our recollection, issued in the spring of 1801, at Fort Adams by gen. Wilkinson, in nearly the following words;

"General Orders—For the health, convenience and accommodation of the troops, the hair is to be cropped without exception of persons, and the General will give the example."



\*\*\*\*\*  
THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20.

*Venice Preserved*, (*Otway*) and *Raymond and Agnes*.

*Pierre*, Mr. Serson, *Jaffier*, Mr. Fennell, and *Belvidera*, Mrs. Johnson. The *Pierre* of Mr. Serson has added to his reputation, tho' it was a very unfinished performance. Mr. Fennell's *Jaffier* is considered as the best specimen of acting which he has ever exhibited; and Mrs. Johnson never look'd or play'd so well in tragedy as on this evening.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23.

*The Tale of Terror* was announced, but the very severe snow-storm shut the Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25.

*Marriage Promise*, (*Allingham*) and *Tale of Terror*, (*H. Siddons*)

The *Tale of Terror* being new to us, we shall not venture to detail its plot, or speak of its merits, until we have again seen it. It was well received, except that at the conclusion some confusion in the performance called forth from two or three nice critics a slight token of disapprobation. The scenery and machinery have attracted universal admiration, in particular the firing of *Hannibal's* cottage, and the cataract.

The piece was thus cast:

Valdarno,	Mr. Fennell.
Petro,	Mr. Harwood.
Hannibal,	Mr. Tyler.
Lazaretto,	Mr. Martin.
Carlos,	Mr. Serson.
Alphonso,	Mr. Robinson.
Serjeant,	Mr. Shapter.
Pedro,	Mr. Hallam, jun.
Guzman,	Mr. Hogg.
Mercia,	Mrs. Melmoth.
Paulina,	Mrs. Johnson.

The *Rebus* communicated to us as original, by R. L. we have seen before, tho' not in precisely the same words.



Married,

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. Alexander Denniston, to Miss Elizabeth Ball, both of this city.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. Robert Gourlay, to Miss Isabell Taylor, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Benjamin J. Phillips, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Abigail Seixas, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Seixas, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Genest Martinot, to Miss Margaret Colon, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Haberson, jun. to Miss Sarah Lawler, daughter of Matthew Lawler, esq. Mayor of Philadelphia.

At Middletown, Daniel Whiting, esq. senior editor of the *Albany Centinel*, to Miss Eliza Powers, daughter of Mr. Timothy Powers, of Middletown.

At Charleston, the 27th ult. Thomas Pinckney, jun. esq. to Miss Eliza Izard, daughter of Ralph Izard, esq.

On the 31st ult. at Charleston, Mr. Robert Kirk, to Miss Jane Newby, lately from New-York.

At Durham, (Con.) Mr. Ebed Corey, aged 72, to Miss Olive Brown, aged 80.



Died,

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering disorder, George I. Eacker, esq. Counsellor at law, and Master in Chancery.

At Brooklyn, aged 95, Mrs Keziah Combs, widow of John Combs.

At Charleston, 1st ins. Mr. John Morrison a native of the state of New-York.

In the *Alma-house*, Philadelphia, Anthony Bowman, a negro, aged 105, he could walk, and was possessed of the faculties of hearing, seeing and speaking, a few days before his death.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships *Juno* and *Diligence*, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do.—Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,  
No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, January 30;

WILL BE PRESENTED,

After which it must necessarily be laid aside,

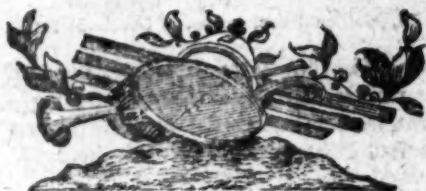
A Comedy, in 5 Acts, called,

**The Marriage Promise.**

To which will be added,

A Musical Entertainment, called,  
**The Wags of Windsor.**





## A NEIGHORLY RESOLUTION.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

*Author of the Farmer's Boy.*

WITH scythe, fresh sharpen'd by his side,  
To bring the ripen'd barley down,  
One morning, when the dew was dried,  
Thus musing with himself, John Brown  
Stood, where, of late,  
His little gate

Was cover'd by an elm's broad shade :—  
" Ah ! there thou ly'st, wide shel't'ring tree !  
Beneath whose boughs, in youthful glee,  
My first love-vow was made !

Thou hast surviv'd my wife, 'tis true,  
Thy leaves have sigh'd to me alone ;  
Have sigh'd in autumn's yellow hue—  
I've felt thy lessons, ev'ry one.

Of thee, bereft,  
There may be left,  
(Tho' twas no friend that cut thee down)  
There may be left in store, I say,  
Some joys—for Goody Gascoin may  
Be kind to neighbor Brown.

I've liv'd alone ; she's done the same,  
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold ;  
I trust we still might feel love's flame,  
Tho' girls and boys may call us old :  
O could we be  
Embow'r'd by thee !

Vain wish ! my poor old elm is down :—  
May shadeless labor, and sour ale,  
Far from this stream, and this sweet vale,  
Plague him that robb'd John Brown.

But tho', midst clust'ring leaves, no more  
The Robin gives his morning trill ;  
Winter may bring him to my door,  
And Goody Gascoin, if she will,  
I'll know her mind ;  
If so inclin'd,

'Tis death alone shall make us part :  
And tho' his cot's sweet shade is down,  
This charm she'll find in neighbor Brown,  
Gay cheerfulness of heart."

*The Infelicity of Criminal Love.*

SAY ye who tread the flow'ry paths of sin,  
And pleasure chase through guilt and madd'ning  
din,  
What is your joy ?—your starts of seeming bliss ?  
Ev'n when each wish is crown'd with full success ?—

When festive lux'ry spread the sumptuous feast,  
With precious sweets and perfumes of the East ;  
When sparkling wine the golden goblets crown'd,  
And warbling Music breath'd her melting sound ;  
When, deck'd with roses, loose-rob'd Pleasure smil'd,  
And tempting Love to crim'nal bliss beguil'd,  
Was not enjoyment in a moment o'er,  
Fled was the banquet, and delight no more ?  
Ev'n at the last, did not your guilty joy  
Sting as a serpent—as a snake destroy ?

Say, ye who range the wilds of guilty love,  
And Joy pursue, where wand'ring passions rove ;  
Who steal like thieves through night-veil'd shades for  
prey,

Dissolve each tie—with artful viles betray,  
And, luring Virtue to your guileful snare,  
In ruin plunge the trembling shrinking fair.  
What are your stol'n delights—your boasted joys—  
But shades of bliss which ev'ry breath destroys ?  
Ah !—poor rewards for such incessant toil,  
Virtue to blast—and Innocence despoil !  
What can compensate fame and virtue gone ?  
Or soothe the woes of Innocence undone ?  
Can scenes of guilt the tortur'd bosom heal,  
Silence remorse—or vengeful fears conceal ?  
Can aught avail to lull sad cares to rest,  
Or charm that peace which flies the guilty breast ?  
No !—Guilt still stings—still wakes the anguish'd  
sigh—  
And from its pangs we vain attempt to fly.

Happy the man who keeps the narrow road,  
That leads to bliss, and Glory's bright abode :  
Who ne'er declines to Vice's winding way,  
Nor wanders far from Virtue's gentle way.  
Evil's may rise around, and mis'ries reign,  
For Virtue here must varied woes sustain ;  
Our hopes may die—our sweetest pleasures fade,  
And dark'ning gloom o'er ev'ry prospect spread ;  
But conscious Virtue bids each tumult cease,  
Inspires contentment, and eternal peace,  
Soothes ev'ry sorrow—lightens ev'ry toil,  
And bids bright hope for ever round us smile.

*Sent with a pair of EAR-RINGS  
previous to the Wedding Day.*

THE smallest gift must surely welcome prove,  
When given by the hand of faithful love ;  
When meant a pledge of every sacred tie,  
Of truth, of Honor, and of constancy !  
As such, my Clara, let this be to you,  
And thro' the gift the giver keep in view.

Go happy pledge, and take thy envy'd place,  
Still dwelling near my much lov'd Clara's face :  
A watchful spirit may this trifle prove,  
The guide and monitor of faithful love.  
Oh, may some magic pow'r now give it aid  
To charm, and to protect, the lovely maid ;  
Let no seductive sounds assail her ear,  
But guard her as a treasure held most dear ;  
Each innovating thought for e'er subdue,  
Holding fair Truth and Honor still to view :  
This trifle, then, will claim my endless praise,  
While mutual bliss compleats our happy days !

## JUST PUBLISHED.

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaise and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GATNE'S

## NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.

Price 25 cents.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS,

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,  
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

## W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture ; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had his Tincture and Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER.

## UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. 11," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows :

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	200	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 2½ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Cash paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

NEW-YORK : PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET,  
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PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.